The IDLER

Public Occurrences, Comment, Excursions & Rational Entertainment

Nr 10 JUNE 1965 35c THE COPY

THE RADICAL RUMBLINGS

HUAC Strikes Again

THE ROLLING STONES AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Other Foreign and Domestic Matters

We've been hearing a lot recently about radical rumblings within the civil rights movement and elsewhere around the country. Those Doublemint Twins of the editorial page, Evans & Novak, can hardly get a good night's sleep they're so upset over the copies of the *National Guardian* they discovered in several civil rights offices.

They tell us the gruesome news:

"SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) and its leaders aren't really interested in the right to vote or any attainable goal, but in demanding the unattainable as a means of provoking social turmoil."

It would be difficult to imagine anything worse for the prim and proper philosophy of Evans & Novak than a dash of social turmoil.

But the boys have their facts a little mixed up.

SNCC *is* interested in the right to vote and the record of last summer's Mississippi project proves it. We suppose Evans & Novak were so busy trying to find leftist influences in SNCC that they failed to notice the workers out registering Negroes.

Further, the radicals of the civil rights movement are not demanding the unattainable in order to provoke social turmoil; they are provoking social turmoil in order to achieve the unattainable.

There *is* a new radical spirit. It has drawn much of its strength from the civil rights movement, but it goes far beyond that, challenging not just America's racial attitudes but some of her most cherished and smug assumptions.

It protests the whole humdrum, humbug world of white urban American sophistication with its self-serving definition of success, its indifference towards the socially and economically disenfranchised of the country, its phony values and its 8 oz. drip-dry culture.

It is as purposeful as a march on Montgomery and as pointless as an obscene sign on the University of California campus.

At the moment the radicals have a confused and unformed vision of their Utopia. (About the only thing that can be said with any certainty is that the Musak pouring forth from supermarket loudspeakers would be replaced by Joan Baez records.) They are not politicians and display little interest in the normal techniques and activities of politicians.

To this extent they confound not only clean-cut Democratic and Republican moderates but also any radical relics of the thirties who have hopped aboard for a ride. Ominous parallels between the new radicals and traditional extreme leftwing move-

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The Idler

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ments overlook the strongly non-political tone of the contemporary trend.

Today's protesters are, in large part, moral absolutists. They believe politics should be subjugated to the demands of a moral code.

In this respect they have much more in common with religious activists, such as the Quakers, than they do with oldguard leftists.

One insists on a boycott of Alabama or immediate withdrawal from Vietnam without reference to the political consequences.

A friend of ours who went on the Selma to Montgomery march said that he was dismayed to find that it was assumed, since he was in favor of Negro rights, that he also favored total disarmament, disengagement from Asia and various other similar causes. He found it was of little use to argue with his more vehement compatriots as they would not discuss the specific problems involved. Rather they quickly categorized the matter as a question of whether one was for or against morality and brotherly love. "Don't you believe in love, man," he was asked.

The radical's arguments may be simplistic and their techniques — such as lying down inside the White House — may be a bit silly. But they do serve the useful purpose of counteracting the incessant prattle of the mountebanks of moderation. America needs a bit of social turmoil to keep it going in the right direction. Pious protectors of the status quo are often muskrats that damn the streams of democracy, creating stagnant and mosquito-breeding pools of indifference.

There is much we can learn from the new radicals. They remind us, for example, of the appalling hypocrisy of a society that prides itself on its contributions to human freedom and dignity and yet permits one-fifth of its people to live in economic indignity and one of its races to struggle along in social servitude.

As long as the American cornucopia fails to flow to all our people, democracy will be tainted with sham.

The bearded ones, for all their anarchy and eccentricities, are reminding us daily of this, and we should be glad of it.

The Southerners don't score many points when they start talking about civil rights in Congress, but we'll have to give a couple to Senator Fulbright, thanks to a statistical slip-up by the *New York Times* and Representative John Lindsay (who makes some good points of his own in an article on foreign aid further on in this issue).

As the Arkansas Democrat explained it to the Senate:

"The need for a broader, more comprehensive, more effective bill was fully documented as the *Times* cited Mr.

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Lindsay, an unimpeachable source, on the discrimination that has permeated the registration process in my own State of Arkansas. Who can question the need for broader legislation when the *New York Times* notes:

"In Newton County, Ark., for example, 78 percent of the whites are registered and not one Negro.

"Who, I say, would dare to oppose broader legislation in the face of these shocking statistics?

"It is laudable that it matters not to the *Times* and Mr. Lindsay that no more than two nonwhites of voting age reside in Newton County out of a total nonwhite population of eight and that there is some question even in the collective mind of the Census Bureau as to whether either of them is a Negro. Many among us would lay the failure of these two poor disenfranchised souls to register to apathy or accident, but not such stalwarts of justice as the *Times* and Mr. Lindsay who know discrimination when they see it and who hold firmly to the conviction that it must be fought wherever it exists, even if only two lonely souls are beset by the slings and arrows of prejudice. Some of us might wonder how successful Federal registrars would be in signing up even 50 per cent of the nonwhite population of voting age inasmuch as the hills and gullies of Newton County, which lie deep in the Ozark Mountains, have often shielded residents of the area from Federal officers who in the past have sought to aid the local populace in computing their excise tax liabilities."

The most worthless group on Capitol Hill is the House unAmerican Activities Committee. It is not very vicious anymore, its babble given as much credence by rational people as that accorded a religious fanactic on the corner of 11th and F NW prophesying the damnation of the world.

Willis: The Whole Bakery

It just grovels along, rooting for publicity under rotten stumps and — in the meantime — wasting a good deal of money.

It has cost us 2.6 million dollars over the past eight years to support the HUAC and in return for this extraordinary appropriation, the committee has granted us the favor of two bills, one of which was unopposed.

This year the HUAC managed to wangle another $370,000 to continue its ridiculous and fruitless forays into the raggle-taggle remains of subversion, exposing nothing that anyone smart enough to know how to spell "J. Edgar Hoover" did not realize already and contributing little of legislative substance.

In contrast, the House Judiciary Committee last year was given $266,000 (of which $66,000 was turned back to the Treasury) to carry out its operations, which included producing legislation on presidential disability and succession, civil rights, reapportionment, immigration and naturalization, copyrights and patents, plus innumerable private claims.

One might think the HUAC would be content with a loaf and a half, but Chairman Edwin Willis and his cohorts are not ones to miss a chance to try for the whole bakery. When the

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Ku Klux Klan became the national *bete noir,* the HUAC was on hand promptly to demand another $50,000 to investigate it.

Only 43 Congressmen attempted to prevent the additional expenditure. Among them were several southerners who have been content to go along with the committee while it investigated New York Jewish Communists but wouldn't accede to its right to come so close to home.

With such a display of moral fortitude and common sense on the part of the majority of the House, it is perhaps pointless to write of the HUAC. The committee will continue until the House realizes that there are better ways to insure the nation's security than by subsidizing paranoic patriotism.

England's Director of Public Prosecution has determined that certain words on the cover of a Rolling Stones record album are not criminal.

The matter came up in the House of Lords recently. Lord Conesford was bothered by the following inscription on the record jacket:

"Cast deep into your pockets for loot to buy this disc of groovies and fancy words. If you don't have bread, see that blind man, knock him on the head, steal his wallet and behold, you have the loot. If you put it in the boot, good. Another one sold."

He asked Lord Stonham, the D.P.P., about it and was told that the words do not constitute a criminal offense.

"Do I understand," Lord Conesford replied, "that inciting people to assault, rob, and kick the blind is beyond the reach of the criminal law? If that is so, is there anything the Government propose to do?"

Answered Lord Stonham: "We all agree that these words are offensive to a degree although they are not regarded as an incitement to criminal offense.

"If it is any consolation, the researches I made during the weekend show that even where the words are intelligible in a pop song, they are not regarded as important, and the devotees pay even less attention to the blurb on the envelope."

Case closed.

When Mr. Johnson took office we looked forward to seeing his passion for reason spread through the world like a plains grass fire. The spirit of the Pedernales, we were sure, would soon appear even in Moscow and Peking.

How wrong we were. The only explanation we have been able to uncover seems highly implausible. It is obvious that there are men in the Administration who regard every outbreak of peace as a form of appeasement, an insult to the power and pride of a great nation. They are, as Mr. Lippmann has named them, the super-realists, men who have programmed everything into their computers of diplomacy except morality, legality, and concern for human justice and dignity. These men have been giving the President advice and—here is the implausible part—he has been taking it.

Diplomacy is a complicated and subtle business. One must avoid both undue obsession with power and undue faith in idealistic goals.

The proper blend of idealism and pragmatism is hard to find. The super-realists in the Johnson Administration have solved the problem to their own—but nobody else's—satisfaction by making the assumption that that the heady pursuit of power is the only worthy international goal.

They are imperialists as unattractive as the worst 19th century colonialists in a world that has learned to spot imperialism three thousand miles away on a foggy day. Allies, agreements, and international agencies are at best

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Hugh Haynie . . .

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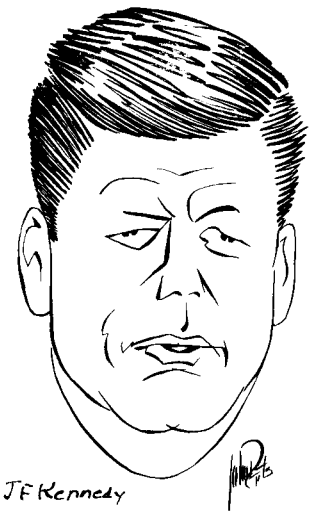

He Said Yes

of presidents and premiers but the personal property of every man. But he *was* succeeding, (without, incidentally, sacrificing one iota of the super-realists' beloved power) and America *was* rejoining her own revolution.

Today, such optimism is no longer warranted. It appears that we are rushing away from a brave new world back towards the cruel old one—and we are the poorer for it.

We don't really believe that Mr. Johnson likes it this way. But he's been getting and taking some bum advice. The present President could never match John Kennedy's eloquence but he could do as well in almost every other respect spreading sanity and hope throughout the world.

a bore to these clever men; at worst they are archaic obstacles in the path of America's achievement of omnipotence.

They still permit some of the quaint ancient ways to continue. The Secretary of State holds news conferences, but they are superfluous since we don't really care whether we influence anyone or not. We have the truth and, by Bundy, the rest of the world had better like it.

Some years ago, Arnold Toynbee noted that historically it was we, and not the Communists, who were the true revolutionaries of the world. It was the spirit of the American and not the Communist revolution that was still setting men free in the most distant outposts of the human race. He viewed America's tattered and compromised position of world leadership and asked the question: "Can America rejoin her own revolution?"

John Kennedy, in the sadly short moments available to him, tried to answer that question in the affirmative. His success was meager — the test ban treaty, the Peace Corps, and the psychological lift given millions who realized that in at least one great seat of power there was a man who believed the world was not a plaything

SALTLICKHAM

A big housing development is going up about ten miles from here so the other day Elizabeth and I went over to have a look. We had gotten out of the car and were peering into a window of one of the display houses when this feller comes up to us and says, "You folks like to have a look around?"

"Eyah," I said. And Elizabeth did too.

The man (turns out he was with the developers) was carrying one of those real thin briefcases that looks like it wouldn't hold much more than the Sunday program of the Saltlickham Congregational Church. I wanted to ask him about it, but he started talking right away.

"This model we call Funtime Ranch. It's got automatically controlled heat and air conditioning, a super-size recreation room in the basement for the kids, special wiring for TV, aluminized shutters, and rheostat controls for all lights."

"Got indoor plumbing, too, I suppose," Elizabeth said.

The man allowed as how it did.

"Next door there you'll see our Leisure Manor model, slightly higher

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priced, but you have enough yard space to put in a swimming pool if you'd like."

That explained for me the big picture window in Funtime Ranch. Only thing it looked out upon was Leisure Manor, but I guess if your neighbors have a pool and you sit in your living-room looking at it long enough, by and by they'll come and ask you to go for a swim.

And if that didn't work, there were, by the best count I could do, about 315 other Funtime Ranches around the development and a lot with pools next door. Of course, you always could buy a Leisure Manor and spend your time looking out at a Funtime Ranch but then there wouldn't be much point to that since your neighbors could see that you were in so they'd all gather in their living room and . . . . well, anyway, what really struck me about this place was the grass.

Kids love grass. Grass is a place to play, a place to hide, a place to find great icky bugs that crawl up your leg sending chills of fear ahead of them.

Stick grass between your palms and you have a whistle. Plunk it between your teeth and you can chew on it, sucking the juice out of the stalks that make a crunching noise as you bite.

If you crouch low, no one can see you and you can think you are in the jungle alone. With a knife you can carve out a road to provide a route for your toy truck or tank. And if you get bored you forget about the tank or truck until weeks later when you discover it again, wet and rusted.

Dogs like grass too. They like the feel of it brushing against their backs. They know that in it there are endless niches that need sniffing, snakes to be chased and ticks waiting to hitch a ride.

Even adults like grass if they haven't been taught in Boston or some place to be scared of it. I can't see risking slicing off your toe or getting a heart attack every Saturday to get rid of something that you should have anyway.

But these folks who live in Funtime Ranches and Leisure Manors don't like grass. They cut it every chance they get and, from what I hear, would be ashamed to let it grow more than a few inches high.

Fact is, the man from the development told us, "You'll have to pardon the grass. Our machine is broken."

Elizabeth said, "I wouldn't worry none. You've got least another month before you'll get any hay out of it."

He looked at her kind of funny and moved on.

On our way out of the development I noticed a small boy peering from around a tiny bush that didn't conceal him a particle. He was standing on a fresh-mown lawn trimmed shorter than his crewcut. As a secret place it wasn't much. Even for a child it takes more than one bush to make a forest or a place from which to spring an attack on a fort.

But he was doing the best he could. I hoped, for his sake, that some day he would know what it was to lie surrounded by leaves of grass three feet tall, to look up into the night and await the passing of a shooting star.

—*Uncle Abner*

CONTEMPORARY RELIGION

Sunday Spot is the groovy title of a new religious series premiering this morning on WRC-4.

Hosts of the show, the Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth Jones (they conducted a similar series about 10 years ago in Baltimore), have a lively angle too.

With the aid of guests from divers fields of endeavor, they'll point out to viewers that following Christian principles need not cramp a person's style of life.

—*Washington Sunday Star*

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2. **Free Ads for Subscribers.** May not be selling a service or product. Should be brief. The Idler reserves the right to edit all ads. The Idler assumes no responsibilities for transactions. Printed on space-available basis.
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"Is it not possible that Malcolm X, the symbol of the Negro 'lower class,' may prove the symbol of the Negro himself? Degraded by racism, a criminal in retaliation; the organizer of political and economic power in a demand for recognition, the most savage and immoderate of racial rationalists: Malcolm X was all of these. Yet the last fury of hatred, his exultation in the death of Kennedy, his vengeful delight in airline disasters, opened a new state. The depths of hatred and blood lust were plumbed; the fires of wrath were burned out. What remained, one suspects, were ashes. Hatred fulfilled leaves emptiness, and it was not in the spirit of Malcolm X to be empty." (from a recent issue)

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THE IDLER'S JOURNAL

The word "happiness" has come upon hard times. Our authors despise it, preferring instead to hawk $5.95 versions of hard-bound despair. Our intellectuals consider it not worth thinking about. Our theologians consider it immoral. Our educators consider it immature. Our businessmen think it can only be evaluated by a balance sheet. Our entertainers and broadcasters have replaced it with ersatz excitement. And our government doesn't concern itself with it except when measurable on a per capita basis.

What a finer sense of the point of life had the men who scratched out the first formula for the American experiment. "The pursuit of happiness" was not just a phrase dropped into the Declaration of Independence to smooth a sentence.

John Adams wrote: "The happiness of society is the end of government."

And Madison, in *The Federalist Papers*, said: "A good government implies two things: first, fidelity to the object of government, which is the happiness of the people; secondly, a knowledge of the means by which that object can be best attained."

To such men, happiness was not just a fringe benefit that a successful society might or might not have. It was the end — the best end — of society.

Today, we hesitate to use the word in serious discussion. We are repeatedly told — from pre-nursery school to retirement banquet—that these are sober times. There are Russians to be caught up with, promotions to attain, grave social problems to overcome, status to be achieved, drastic threats to our liberty and free enterprise system to be combatted, all requiring the unflinching fulltime devotion of each responsible citizen.

There is no time for hedonism in today's world. When John Young took a kosher corned beef sandwich with him on his Gemini space flight, he was promptly rebuked by the press and high government officials. He had exercised his free will and whim in orbit without checking first with proper authority and by contemporary standards even such a trifling transgression of absolute dedication to the favorite cause of the day could not be tolerated.

Down here on earth, where the motivating force is not the race for space but the inexorable demand for an increased gross national product, most of us have learned to avoid the kind of irresponsibility in which Astronaut Young engaged. We know one does not get ahead in America today chomping on corned beef sandwiches whenever one wants so we limit our diet to that which the society prescribes.

We are dedicated to task of helping to create the biggest or the newest or the most successful — it matters not what noun you place after these adjectives for it is the modifier and not the modified that counts.

Even in those areas of our life where the pleasure principle is supposed to have free reign one finds the pursuit of happiness curiously absent.

Our sports teams are just more giant corporations. (An eastern newspaper has recognized this fact by listing one of the ball clubs in its box scores under the name "CBS" rather than under "Yankees" the more sporty sounding title of its subsidiary company. Listen to talk of sports in the neighborhood tavern and one will discover it is not the game that matters but "trades," "options" and "franchises."

The same is true of our entertainers, our artists and our writers. Creation is only important insofar as it

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can be correlated with market potential. The words of a new novel are as carefully packaged as a fresh brand of soap by our publishing houses and dutifully sold by critics acting as the publishers' drummers.

Barbara (or Barbra as the press releases now inform us) Streisland is not a voice to like or dislike; it is her rapid rise and new-found income that fascinate us. She is the Teas Gulf Sulphur of singing, an extension of the American free enterprise system into the world of B flat.

Culture without profit is no longer respectable. The most beat poet should know enough to hire a press agent. (This is just as true in a field such as journalism: it has been implied to me on more than one occasion that there is something distinctly odd, if not immoral, about running a magazine that has no immediate chance of financial success.)

The neo-puritans have the country in their grasp and God help the man who does something for the pure hell of it. Whether we are splitting a stock or singing a song, we must remember that society requires not what our hearts think right but an unflagging effort to make the society bigger than it was last night.

One might imagine that if any group in America had the right to rest on its laurels in this regard it would be the advertising agencies. According to Norman Strouse, Chairman of the J. Walter Thompson Company, however, they are still not doing enough.

In a speech to his colleagues, Mr. Thompson remarked that while manufacturing investment increased 54% during the period 1959-64, advertising volume rose only 28%. And he elaborated on what to him was obviously a shocking fact.

"Is it surprising then that the increase in personal consumption was only 27% during that period? Is it surprising that the President had to point out recently that a gap of $25 to $30 billion still remains between the nation's actual output and its potential output. . . . Perhaps a greater volume of advertising would have substantially closed the President's gap."

The President's gap has become the gap of all of us and nothing, certainly not the prusuit of happiness, is more important than filling it.

But I do not despair. Hope is on the horizon is the form of a development the neo-puritans fear but which I welcome: automation.

Automation may turn out to be the finest justification of this whole mad, grubby, grubbing struggle. For it will force men to be free as they have never been before.

The men who have idolized the Cult of the Bleeding Ulcer will be made to discover themselves for the first time, to learn that society was, after all, created for man and not the other way around.

It will be hard for them at first. They will dream up new busy work, meetings to attend, reports to be completed, deals to be closed. But ultimately they will have to admit — hopefully with a sense of relief and joy — that they do have souls and that they are, indeed, men.

The "problems" of automation loom the larger the more one is infatuated with the Horatio Alger myth. Once one chucks overboard a few of the most restrictive theories of our more staid New England forebears, automation need no longer be feared. We will, of course, have to evolve new principles of economics and new standards for judging a man's worth, but in the end, they will probably make more sense than those with which we are now limping along.

Subsidized by our machines, forced to work only when the system failure warning buzzer goes off, we will be able to do all those things for which we have always claimed that we lacked time and money.

We will be able, for the first time since we became totally ensnared in the industrial revolution, to rehabilitate that wonderful phrase: "the pursuit of happiness."

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The Dairy Man

By Arnold Falleder

NEW YORK

In line I came after the woman who bought a half pound of pot cheese and two milk.

We began to talk when Whitey came to take over the counter. He took me to a curtained alcove past the end of the counter and started to candle eggs as I spoke.

"This is one of the last public markets around." He said he took over this dairy spot in 1942, at the beginning of the war. "I was 4-F. Internally. I've been in dairy all my life. At that time I had the milk route and I figured I could take over this place pretty easy. My wife comes in Wednesdays to help, when I do collections. Whitey comes in after school. On regular days," he hesitated, "about three . . . let's see . . . I go down to the milk-house. I used to have a kid with me but he quit. With deliveries and stops like that, I guess I open up here at about eight. No, the route's only about eighty cases.

"Look," he stopped, opened the curtain and took me out to the refrigerated cabinets. "Ten bottles I can get in the carrier . . . that's one hand. And I can get here . . . look." He wedged four more bottles between his body and arm, then caught up three more in his free egg hand. "That's seventeen," he said. A woman in line watching said, "God bless you."

"All in all," he said back in the candling room, "I'm open till seven . . . maybe eight before a holiday.

"There's not much bookkeeping, my wife and I do it once a week at home."

A shielded bulb threw arms of light on his face. He sweat on the eggs.

"I always think maybe after I'll sell the store and buy up some more route business. A hundred and fifty cases. But I was in the hospital . . . the doctors told me I'd have to lose forty pounds. I thought then . . . But."

I asked him about this medical advice. He placed his hands on the rim of his stomach and said that without this he couldn't work.

"With one of those stockings on, the leg doesn't ever hurt."

His finances were in good order. "Better than anybody else in the market. They don't know about business. I couldn't take it like them. I gotta be active the whole time."

He said he was looking for a house, that he had a late model Buick and a new Divco milk truck. His sons, ten and fourteen, go to summer camp and were well provided for. Both had already expressed a desire to go to college.

"Donny was here yesterday and I was teaching him to roller skate. He wants to be an animal doctor." He laughed.

Retirement?

"Well, maybe, when the boys are set up. Maybe in an easier business or something. I can't really say now.

"When I was younger? Box." He smiled. "I even had a few pro bouts. The doctors talked me out of it."

He had done all the eggs. With one uninterrupted motion he drew the curtain open and walked to the counter. We had finished. He shouted to me that his hobby was woodworking and pointed to the frame on his Department of Health permit. He said he had made it.

The character sketches found throughout THE IDLER *are done by John Perts, who should not, however, be blamed for any curious comments that may be noticed in their immediate vicinity.*

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Uncle Sam Inaction

By A. H. Berzen

One prevalent attitude in our nation's capital, diligently perpetuated by "experienced observers close to the White House," (observing over a highball in a downtown bar), suggests that the only aspect of Washington worth examining is its politics.

Few, it seems, consider Washington's chief export: scrap paper.

Yet if the District of Columbia were to lose its supply of paper, the entire city — from the deepest Pentagon cavern to the Capitol itself — would have to shut down, silent, dead.

Whatever else it may be — a tourist's Mecca, a democracy's capital that declares a holiday to welcome royalty — Washington is primarily a city of paper.

Question any legislator in Congress, or the lowliest clerk in any of its labyrinthian buildings — and before you get any hint of reply, you must first fill out a form.

Somehow, since the last quill scratch dried on the Federal Constitution, things have got out of hand — the machinery of government clogged with paper.

The simple act of recording the government's business has turned upon itself. The job of chronicling ordinary facts has assumed proportions so enormous that if a citizen poses even a simple question, no answer can be found in all that mimeographed maze; no single answer, that is, only stacks and volumes of answers.

Washington's structures are monuments not only to our democratic processes, but also to wood pulp. The stately columns and wide pediments of its buildings are constructed less of marble than compressed paper.

The Government Printing Office maintains a huge warehouse and to that point our nation's forests — in the form of paper — find their way. The ravages of fire and blight upon our timberlands are as nothing compared to their decimation by typewriter and inter-office memo writing as practiced along the Potomac.

In endless torrents come vast woodlands, as mimeo, bond, vellum. At the GPO (as the Mother of All Paper is called), much of this paper undergoes the final indignity: it is printed upon.

The military establishment, naturally, has its own unique trappings: a few forests, as it were, for itself. When the stenographer's manual states "endorsement" will be spelled "indorsement" and "enclosure" will be spelled "inclosure," a reasonable man feels his grip on sanity being firmly pried off.

Before a piece of military correspondence (basic communication plus supplementary accoutrements: deeds, blueprints, plot plans, maps, charts, graphs, and folding chairs) is submitted for signature, a synopsis of the correspondence is prepared This brief, requiring a nimble caper with forefinger and clip in fastening, is placed on top of the whole sheaf. Naturally, the summary invariably exceeds in size the original piece of correspondence.

Since any communication, however routed, is prepared in at least sextuplicate, a guide card is inserted in that tissue jungle to help the eventual signer locate the proper place.

Down the vertical margin of one of the carbon copies is imprinted a series of numbers and symbols, arrayed like a jeweler's catalogue of mystic societies' pins. The officers through whose hands the correspondence passes must "coordinate" it by initialling alongside the appropriate symbol.

This process, alone, often consumes days, since at least one or more of these "coordinators" is frequently unavailable — most likely attending a staff conference on the need for simplifying paperwork.

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There are those, of course, who require a full day to compose a letter. The proper placement of a comma frequently consumes a full morning and I've encountered many instances where revision of a single paragraph took the better part of a week.

Despite the ceaseless recruiting of stenographers, the standard operating procedure in most government offices is for a letter or memo to be "roughed" in longhand, transcribed on the typewriter, corrected and retyped until the secretary develops a tic or resigns.

Two pople in any Federal agency, military or otherwise, constitute a Unit or, in staff meeting parlance, a Team. Three people assume the contours of a Section. Inevitably this trio sprouts into a Branch which promptly begets twigs. By that time, the organizational chart, already replete with colored lines—straight, curved, dotted — develops the beefy aspect of a Division.

At any given time, Personnel explains its action or lack of action in any particular situation with the inscrutable: "We're waiting to see what the Hill does on appropriations." Or, "We haven't yet completed our staffing pattern." Or, "Things are in a state of flux."

Meanwhile, the Unit Heads have arrayed themselves above the Supervisors, while over them are perched the Section Chiefs. On their sturdy shoulders sit Branch Coordinators, and looming higher still are the Division Directors.

Office furniture, grown alongside crops of pencils and carbon paper, is then harvested. Bales of erasers are delivered; carpenters hurriedly tear down old, and put up new, partitions. Telephone men frantically uproot wires — working against some nebulous deadline — and install two instruments where only one was before — all of this accomplished in the most efficient way American ingenuity and Congressional appropriations can provide.

In Washington's bureaucratic argot, no job, however vague, is ever merely done. First, a task force is formed and a project number assigned. One promulgates or institutes. You do not act; you effectuate or finalize. A problem is never referred to a particular person; it is directed to the cognizant activity. When an agency is reorganized — that is, when one Administrator departs and another arrives — the practical extent of such reorganization consists of a change in letterhead: the "Office" designation in its name becomes "Bureau."

Webbed by liaison booby traps, ensnared by personnel jargon, the civil servant flounders amid such profundities as an endless re-allotment of work space or concern over the size of office rugs and the color of scratch pads.

No wonder he is limp by the time he goes for his first mid-morning coffee at the snack bar.

Meetings are convened, voluminous memoranda circulated — all because Recruitment, say, Fourth Floor, Eighth Wing, Corridor Nine, Bay Five — has become embroiled in some interdepartmental intrigue with Planning, against Evaluation.

Bureacracy's language — so bizarre that few outside its battlements comprehend it — blossoms over acres of desks.

"Training and Appraisal is charged with standardizing the facilities survey," someone named Henry from Ohio might say knowingly.

"The RP-nine's have arrived with the Classification twelves," a New England accent announces.

A soft southern drawl proclaims, "Termination Control will supply Components with scheduling data."

"Budget and Fiscal is assigned research on issuance methods," another might reply.

Words like "secretariat" and "directorate" pepper the air. Everything uttered, thought, dreamed, is recorded on paper.

But I have successfully avoided these traps. You see, in the compilation of the foregoing, I've had the assistance of only a half dozen procedural analysts. Actually, I had only to transcribe their notes on my slate with chalk. I've given up using paper.

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Improving Foreign Aid

By Rep. John Lindsay

Seldom in the history of international relations has an instrument of policy been either more productive or more abused than the American foreign aid program. For 20 years the American people have provided assistance ranging from the reconstruction of the European economies left shattered by World War II to the introduction of basic health and educational facilities in countries that are just beginning the long process of development. Throughout the period we have squabbled among ourselves over the real and alleged shortcomings of our aid and whether we ought to have an aid program at all.

It is true that foreign aid has not fulfilled the hopes with which we undertook it, but that has more to do with the extravagance of our hopes than with the failures of our aid. The value of foreign aid in the past is not open to serious challenge. The Marshall plan saved Europe from collapse and Communist domination after World War II and set Europe on the road to its current prosperity. Nor has our aid been ineffective in the much more difficult task of contributing to economic growth in the less developed nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. According to the calculations of Dr. Isaiah Frank, of Johns Hopkins University, economic growth in the less developed world since 1950 has been at the impressive rate of 4.2 per cent a year. Notwithstanding the rapid increase in population, a per capita growth rate of about 2 per cent has been achieved. The last 15 years have seen a measurable improvement in the lives of many millions of people in the world's poor countries.

The American aid program has contributed to impressive economic progress of which both recipients and donor may well be proud. Greece, Israel, and Taiwan have all developed strong economies with the assistance of American aid. India has made steady if unobtrusive progress while maintaining a functioning democracy among a population which is over a third that of the entire underdevloped world. Western aid in the form of foreign exchange and surplus food has substantially helped Pakistan and India, taken together, to maintain an industrial growth rate of about 8 per cent a year and to strive to produce sufficient food for their soaring populations. American aid to Latin America has offset the effects of a long-term deterioration in the terms of trade for Latin American exports. In Africa, where development is hampered by a lack of skills of all kinds, Western aid is bringing about an educational revolution.

The Alliance for Progress, which has just completed its fourth year, has now, despite shortcomings of administration and other difficulties, achieved a measure of success. Preliminary statistics for 1964 show an average increase of per capita income in Latin America of 3 per cent, part of which may in fact be the result of our aid program. The construction of dwelling units and schoolrooms, roads, some new industries, new hospitals, somewhat increased food production and expanded business activity, has generated some new attitudes, and the beginnings of commitments to social and economic reforms in several of the Latin American republics. Again, some of this has been helped by our government's efforts.

In most of the less developed nations, whether they are under democratic government or military rule or some form of homegrown socialism, there has been no general tendency toward communism. In some areas, Communist pressure has ceased to be

From a speech delivered in the House of Representatives.

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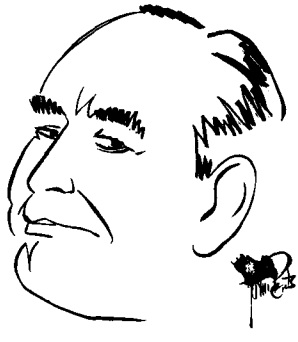
an important threat. In general, the aid the rich countries have provided to the poor countries over the past decade and a half has contributed to positive economic progress in the face of enormous obstacles, and has helped stem the tide of anarchy and communism.

Foreign aid has not, by any means, achieved all that we had hoped, but it has achieved a great deal and can, if properly reformed, achieve much more. We have underestimated the scope of our commitments and have been disillusioned. It would be a great misfortune if we were now totally to abandon foreign aid, not because it has failed, which it has not, but because we expected too much of it.

As George Woods, president of the World Bank, has pointed out, the essential fact about foreign aid is that "despite political upheavals, despite inflation, despite outmoded social structures, despite unparalleled population growth, despite inadequate savings and investments, the underdeveloped world is moving forward and the whole process of development is acquiring an encouraging momentum."

Foreign aid is neither the panacea that we took it to be 10 or 15 years ago nor the bleak failure that those who oppose it seem to think it is. When progress achieved is weighed against obstacles overcome, we can take some pride in our record and view our future aid—if it is intelligently



Woods: Encouraging Momentum

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From The Bottle?

When the U.S. announced the names of 58 Communists in places of power within the Dominican Republic we were reminded of the movie *The Manchurian Cadidate*. In that film a rather stupid Senator, egged on by his sinister wife, charges that there are numerous Communists in the Defense Department. Only problem is that he can't remember how many. The figure changes every time he makes a speech. He suggests to his wife at breakfast one morning that they decide on a number and stick to it. She eyes her troubled husband shaking Heinz catsup onto his eggs and accedes to his request. Thereafter, there were "exactly 57" Communists in the Pentagon.

modernized—with modest optimism. Above all, as a group of American development experts recently suggested, we must lengthen the time horizons in our thinking and in our action because, as they put it:

We are dealing with the development century and not the development decade.

For the foreseeable future, the world economic revolution is likely to generate many more problems than it will solve. One problem is the unevenness of economic development, not only among countries but within the various sectors of national economies. Specifically, in many underdeveloped countries industrial growth proceeds at a satisfactory rate while agriculture lags far behind—so much so that in some countries agricultural production per capita is less than it was 10 or 15 years ago. At best, food production the world over is barely keeping pace with population growth.

Another critical problem is trade. In the last 20 years world trade has expanded at an unprecedented rate but most of the expansion has taken place in trade among the advanced countries and in exports from the advanced to the less developed countries. Exports from the poorer countries, chiefly primary products, have not risen greatly. As a result, these nations are unable to earn the foreign exchange necessary to finance their development. To some extent this is attributable to neglect of export industries by the underdeveloped countries; the more important reason is simply that they are in the wrong business, exporting primary products such as basic foodstuffs and industrial raw materials for which demand rises very slowly. The consequence has been a continuous decline in the prices of commodities exported by the less developed countries and increasingly higher prices of products imported from advanced nations. The deterioration of the terms of trade thus threatens to choke off economic development unless the advanced nations provide a steady and adequate flow of essential foreign exchange.

Another problem arising from the slow growth of export earnings is a mounting burden of foreign debts. Many less-developed countries are so heavily burdened with short-term debts that an alarmingly high proportion of their future export earnings—in some cases up to 25 or 30 per cent—is pledged to debt service over the next few years. They confront great threats to their continued economic development:

First. They may be compelled to forego necessary imports to service their debts.

Second. They cannot afford, and lenders are unlikely to provide, further loans at conventional rates of interest.

Overriding all the other threats to economic development is the population increase. At the current rate, the

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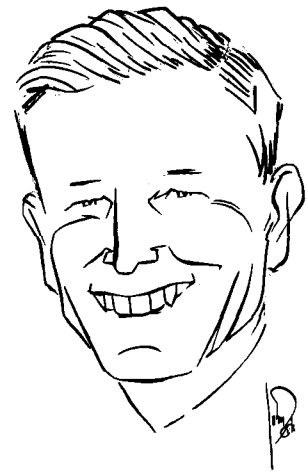
world population will double in the next 40 years and most of the increase will occur in the underdeveloped countries. To maintain even their existing levels of nutrition, housing, health, and education, the poorer nations will have to double their production in the next 40 years. About two-thirds of all their potential new investment will be devoted to meeting the needs of increased population rather than raising living standards. Unless the growth of population is brought under control, it is unlikely that even the most intelligent development programs will be able to achieve and sustain acceptable living standards.

It is clear in any case that, far from having run its course, one form or another of foreign aid remains a necessity if development is to continue in the world's poorer nations. They will require an adequate and reliable flow of unconventional development lending —loans provided at minimal rates of interest with long repayment periods.

For all its enlightening generosity in the field of foreign aid, the United States has not yet committed itself to the idea of a development century and to its own long-term interest in making it a success. We have not yet been willing to acknowledge that there can be no lasting security for the affluent in a sea of turmoil based chiefly on human misery and that the development of the world's poorer nations is not only a challenge to our conscience —which it rightfully should be—but a matter of elemental self-interest.

The scope of the development problem and our own vital interest in it answers the question of whether our aid has run its course. It has not; nor is it likely to before the end of this development century. It would free our vision if we could lay to rest the irrevelant debate over whether foreign aid has accomplished all that it can and whether it is permanent or temporary. The answer is that the stability it has helped to create is still unsure and may not become sure or reliable for a long, long time.



Lindsay

Once the need for stability is understood and acknowledged, we can turn to more pertinent questions. What kind of aid is most needed and by wrom? How can we make our aid as efficient and productive as possible? How can we improve our own bilaterial aid programs? To what extent, and in what ways, can we cooperate with other nations to provide economic aid through multilateral channels, converting it from a national charity to an international responsibility?

The most important, single contribution the United States could make to the success of the development century would be the multilateralization of much or most of our economic assistance. I strongly support the proposal made by Senator Fulbright that our development loans—which is to say, that part of our aid which finances basic industrial and economic development as distinguished from military assistance and other forms of aid designed to serve short-term political purposes—be diverted from bilateral management by the Agency for International Deevlopment to multilateral management by the World Bank's International Development Association.

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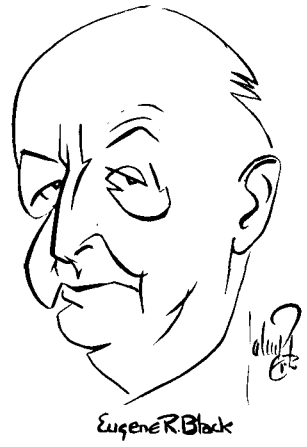
Three major purposes would be served by channeling our development aid through IDA: First, it will establish economic development as an essential objective in itself, to be promoted by an agency with no political goals except the development of the world's poorer nations; second, it will largely remove economic aid from the mounting pressures of our own domestic politics; third, it will begin to convert the assistance of the rich nations to the poor nations from separate acts of generosity to something closer to a community responsibility.

Internationalization will advance the ultimate political objectives of our aid —as distinguished from its short-term political objectives—which are to build a world community in which freedom is secure and prosperity is at least a realistic hope for all men.

Far from being a major departure in American foreign policy, the internationalization of aid represents a logical transition in the United States' ventures in world order. These ventures have consisted largely of the creation of international institutions that provide some essential but unspectacular services. Among these are such "functional" international organizations as the Universal Postal Union and the International Telecommunications Union. Beyond the useful but limited services which they perform, these institutions produce a beneficial byproduct, as Eugene Black has pointed out, in that they "foster the habit of officials getting together with their equivalents in other countries in order to try to work out solutions to common problems" and in some instances foster the creation of a genuinely international civil service.

The institutions for international cooperation in aid already exist. The World Bank is a solid success and its soft loan affiliate, the International Development Association, is a going concern, as is the Inter-American Development Bank. We have only to decide to make full use of their facilities. The World Bank has established itself as a successful and profitable



Getting Together

banking institution providing loans on commercial terms for developmental purposes.

The International Development Association was formed in 1960 as an affiliate of the World Bank to provide funds for essential projects that developing countries could not finance by conventional loans. The IDA, which is under the same management and staff as the Bank, extends 50-year no-interest credits bearing an annual service charge of three-fourth of 1 per cent. By July 1964, IDA had extended 57 loans amounting to $778 million to 22 countries in Asia, Africa, Europe and Latin America for such purposes as transportation, agriculture, industrial development, power, telecommunications, water supplies and education.

The premise of multilateral aid is that economic development is itself a vital objective, apart from considerations of the political ties it may generate. In the words of George Woods:

Economic aid is not an infirmity which we must learn to live with—which we render tolerable by making it a byproduct of programs which are created and implemented essentially with the view of furthering the diplomatic, political or export objectives of the industrialized countries. Economic assistance to developing countries should be the central objective—not the peripheral one—of the aid programs.

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Economic development, in short, is an end in itself—vital to the aspirations of the poor and the security of the rich. It should properly be administered by international lending agencies with no political objectives to be advanced, no special interests to be appeased, and indeed no reason to exist except for the promotion of economic development.

Again in the words of Mr. Woods:

Unlike nationally administered aid programs, World Bank loans have not been concerned with political objectives, with short-term commercial factors, or with military considerations. We have been concerned solely with assuring the best economic performance by the developing countries. Because we have no objective to serve but economic development, we have been able to be hardheaded in our adherence to economic criteria to an extent not open to national aid programs.

There is a profound psychological problem involved in bilateral aid of which an international agency like the World Bank is free. Bilateral loans carry an inevitable connotation of charity which, put in the worst light, has an element of humiliation for the borrower and irritation or embarrassment for the lender. Neither can ever quite forget that one is in need, the other without material need. Human nature being what it is, this is not the kind of relationship that imparts self-confidence or self-sufficiency to the borrower or generosity and tolerance to the lender. Genuinely grateful though he may be, the borrower eventually will resent his benefactor because he is rich. The lender in turn, may become exasperated with the borrower because he is needy, in some ways inefficient, and ungrateful besides.

There has been a great deal of talk about ingratitude for our aid, and it is mostly nonsense. Effusive gratitude of the sort that many Americans seem to want is contrary to human nature. The United States, for example, was not overly appreciative to France for helping us to win our Revolution in 1783; in fact, we almost went to war with France a few years later. Nor did the Halls of Congress ring with gratitude to England during the century that the British fleet provided us with free security from the power politics of Europe; on the contrary, the 19th century was a period of most eloquent and outspoken Anglophobia in America. The point is that thankfulness is an unrealistic objective of foreign policy and a most unworthy objective for a great nation.

Bilateral aid has been described as an instrument for influencing the policies of recipient countries. In many instances, our aid has given us temporary leverage, although often at the cost of ingrained resentments on the part of proud nationalist leaders. The belief that aid gives us direct and immediate influence on the behavior of its beneficiaries is belied by our experiences. The United States provided massive assistance to the Republic of Korea and fought a war to defend its independence. When the peace negotiations reached a decisive state in 1953, the government of President Syngman Rhee attempted to abort them. The United States provided billions of dollars to revive France after World War II, and now a fully recovered France is creating difficulties for American policy all over the world. In the last few months our generosity to Indonesia has been rewarded by the burning of American libraries while the Egyptians have burned down our libraries and invited us to "go jump in the lake besides."

If direct and immediate political leverage were the basic objective of American aid, I would suggest that we terminate our aid programs at once. The crude exercise of political influence is not our basic objective. The valid and rational goal of economic aid is economic development, which in turn has a vital and direct bearing on our efforts to create a world environment in which free societies can be secure and prosperous.

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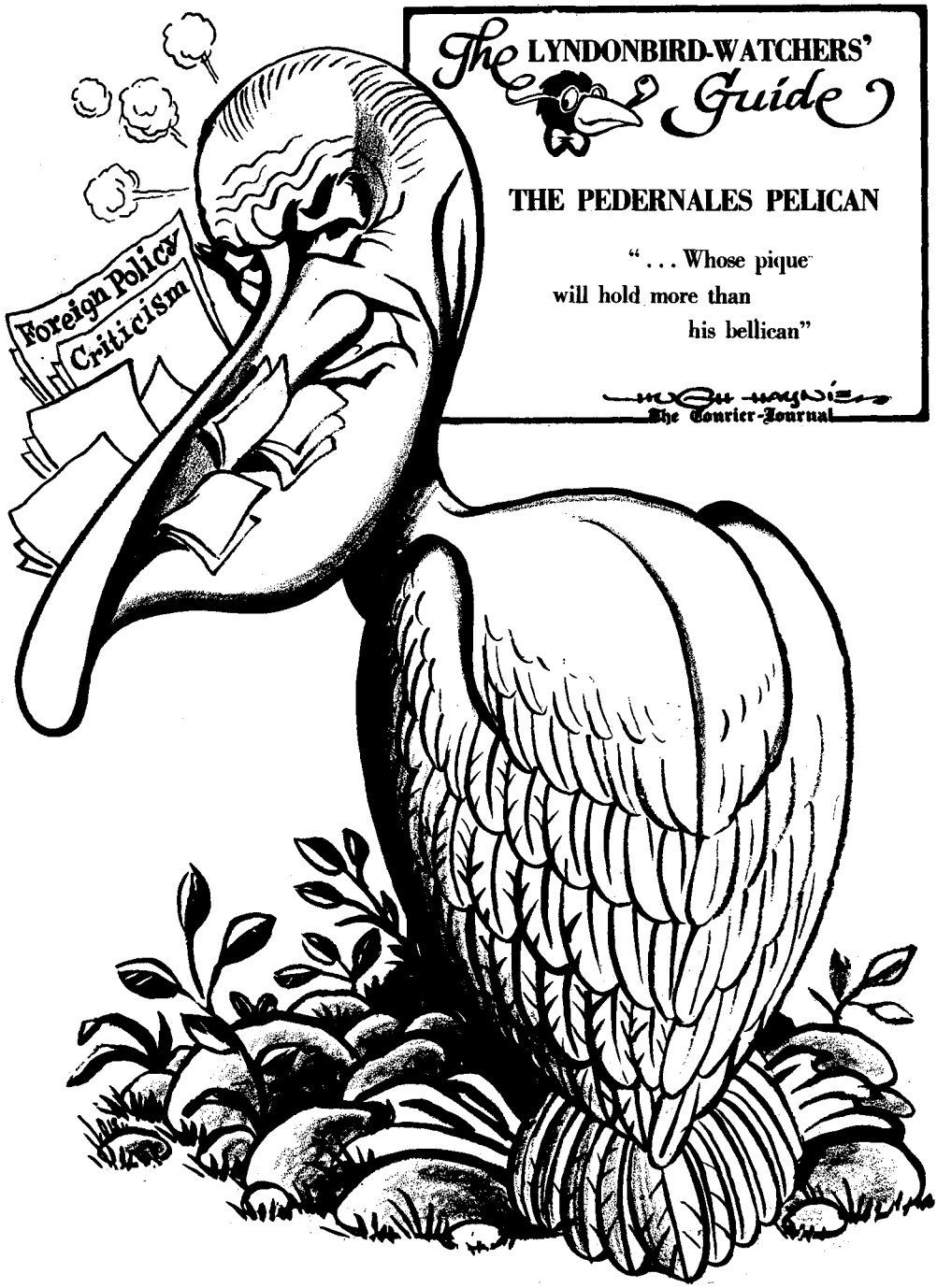
Hugh Haynie . . .


The LYNDONBIRD-WATCHERS' Guide
THE PEDERNALES PELICAN
". . . Whose pique will hold more than his bellican"
Hugh Haynie
The Courier-Journal
Foreign Policy Criticism

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REORGANIZATION

This is to inform all persons wishing to stake out a land claim on the moon that they should no longer write to the Department of Interior's Bureau of Land Management, which has been handling these matters for twenty years or so.

The task has now been taken over by the department's Office of Territories, which deals with areas "non-contiguous to the United States." This major organizational reform has occurred because, in the words of the director of the Office of Territories, "both law and common sense compel another jurisdictional arrangement for the moment."

It is not to be expected that the department's attitude towards claims will change substantially under the new arrangement. In the past it has advised inquirers:

"Establish six month residence on the moon, and then we'll talk business."

If this is accepted as the purpose of our aid, then it follows that our aid will be effective to the extent, and only to the extent, that it is provided without taint or suspicion of self-serving motivation. A single nation providing aid may or may not be free of ulterior political motives, but even if it is, it is almost impossible for it to be free of the suspicion of political purpose. Entirely valid economic advice may thus be rejected because the recipient suspects that the real purpose of conditions attached to aid is not to encourage economic efficiency but to influence an election or to gain some commercial advantage.

The American Ambassador to Argentina, for example, recently found it necessary to make an extraordinary effort to persuade the Argentine Government that a delay in aid disbursements had nothing to do with a stalemate in negotiations between Argentina and certain American-owned oil companies whose contracts had been canceled over a year ago. Ambassador Martin is an able diplomat and he may succeed in allaying Argentine suspicions, but the fact remains that, on its face, the delay in aid disbursements can as well be taken to be a lever on the oil negotiations as the purely "technical and legal" matter that the State Department says it is. The question of the oil contracts is an extremely emotional one in Argentina and it is conceivable that suspicion of U. S. policy was a factor in the election of Peronist candidates in Argentina's congressional elections on March 14. This is not to suggest that the United States should not take steps to help assure a fair settlement for the oil companies but only that it would be most unfortunate if the effectiveness of our aid program were compromised by its use as a lever in a private commercial dispute.

The decisive advantage of the international lending agencies is their economic objectivity and the fact that this objectivity is well known to both contributors and borrowers.

Even if our development lending were channeled entirely through the international lending agencies, much of our foreign aid would necessarily remain bilateral — military assistance, surplus foods, stopgap budgetary support and all the various forms of assistance that have short-term political aims as distinguished from long-range economic objectives. Broadly speaking, the division of aid between bilateral and political assistance and multilateral development assistance reflects the reality of a world which, though still divided by national and ideological rivalries, is struggling slowly and painfully toward the creation of a broader community.

The multilateralization of development lending is the most important reform needed in our foreign aid. There is also need for improvement, however, in the conduct of the programs that would remain bilateral

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should our development lending be internationalized. A most desirable reform in this category would be a continuing review of both country programs and the bilateral aid program as a whole by nongovernmental economists and technical experts. The participants in the periodic reviews should be wholly independent, engaged by the Government solely for the purpose of surveying the conduct of aid, documenting both its successes and shortcomings, and providing objective information to the Congress and the public.

There is a need for even greater selectivity in our aid than has already been achieved. Indeed, what has been achieved thus far is concentration rather than selectivity. The President pointed out in his foreign aid message that 64 per cent of our development aid went to only 7 countries in fiscal year 1964; he did not point out that we nonetheless maintain aid programs of one sort or another in about 90 countries. Many of these are designed to do nothing more than maintain an American "presence" — an irritating and purposeless presence, in some instances, the elimination of which might very well lead to better relations with the countries concerned.

A final and most important need is public education. It would be useful and constructive if the administration were to undertake a sustained effort to inform the American people quite candidly as to what can and cannot be expected of foreign aid and why it should be regarded not as something abnormal but as an instrument of policy in this development century.

Such an educational effort should seek, above all, to remind Americans of both the challenge and the promise of foreign aid. The challenge is to our enlightened self-interest and to a proper and decent concern with the happiness of peoples less favored than ourselves: the promise, if we perservere, is hope for emerging peoples in a world struggling toward lasting peace and a genuine community of nations.

The Globule In The Grecian Globe

A grotesque globule got ensconced
Inside a Grecian globe;
And there a *Life* photographer
Did find it with his strobe.

"My gracious, you're the grossest of
The globules I have seen;
I would like to Leica you
(With *f* stopped at *16*)."

"Please frill my fop or gloop my glop
Or persey as you wish,
But never, never freudenhoid
My plurgle or my plish."

"I am a humble cameraman
Your words mean naught to me;
But would you please come closer now
And raise your knobby knee?"

"My jugarsh I would raise for you
My gillish I would swish;
But never, never freudenhoid
My plurgle or my plish."

The cameraman then checked his lens
And stooped to get the view.
His flash flared out, he said, "One more,
I think that that will do."

The cameraman stood up again,
He knew he'd filmed it right.
He moved to thank the globule but
It'd melted out of sight.

On nights from that glass Grecian globe
They say a moan is heard;
And no one can quite comprehend
The meaning of each word:

"I would have raised my jugarsh and
My gillish I would swish;
But why'd you have to freudenhoid
My plurgle and my plish?"

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Ed Murrow

By Edward P. Morgan

I have a theory that too many statements issued upon a man's death are made either as a reflex response to public expectations or in rather vulgar effort to associate the author of the eulogy with the subject in an aura of greatness and intimacy. But the obituaries and editorial encomiums which I have read on Edward R. Murrow have been written with admirable restraint. This is a special tribute in itself. In adding their footnotes to his life, reporters — this one included — who knew this brooding, benevolent man, have to stifle a tendency toward hyperbole. Hyperbole would not only dilute the genuineness of our respect but tend to sharpen our own inadequacies in the company of a colleague whose accomplishments were large and luminous.

With his sober, low-keyed eloquence and his worried, penetrating integrity, Murrow was the kind of journalist many of us would like to have become. Oddly enough, because he himself had never been a cub reporter who came up through the ranks, he felt, at times, that he did not have the proper credentials as a correspondent. Maybe this explains, in part, why he insisted on "proving" himself, not once but more than a score of times as an observer with bombing missions over Nazi-held Europe in World War II, with convoys in the Atlantic, in the thick of the blitz night after night during the battle of Britain.

This man who pioneered a whole new dimension of journalism in the instant and curiously intimate medium of broadcasting, who used the microphone as skillfully as a surgeon would use a scalpel in opening up and probing a story in effort to transmit understanding of the conditions of crisis, was often diffident in the presence of some fellow who had just been recruited from the police beat to cover the war. No matter if the newcomer approached combat as if it were a four-alarm fire or the Rose Bowl game, no matter if he nervously made a hash of his first dispatches from the front, if he was a newspaperman, Murrow presumed him to be a professional. It was this flattering presumption, which translated into a kind of declaration of faith, that made a number of his colleagues more responsible reporters than they otherwise might have been.

Besides an almost total commitment to the business of covering current history, via radio and then television, Murrow had a loyalty to friends that was downright fierce. Once a reporter of his acquaintance became involved in an altercation with a policeman at a fire in Manhattan and required a character witness to fight a charge of disorderly conduct in Magistrate's court. Murrow detached himself from an already overloaded work schedule, went to court and testified with such authentic if over-generous sincerity that the magistrate, awed by a dignity larger than had ever graced his bench, acquitted the defendant — for the wrong reasons — and tartly dressed down the cop.

Even in the snakepit of cutthroat competition in which broadcasting is entangled it would be almost impossible to be jealous of such a man and his monumental accomplishments. Yet for all his open-handed support and consideration of associates, Murrow was a driven, tormented person whose inner tumult caused him to sweat and smoke and fret almost in perpetuity. Being human, he too developed some warts on his character. He could be (but rarely) querulous or (more often) darkly taciturn and he too sometimes made mistakes in judgment.

From the ABC Radio program "Edward P. Morgan and the News," sponsored by the AFL-CIO.

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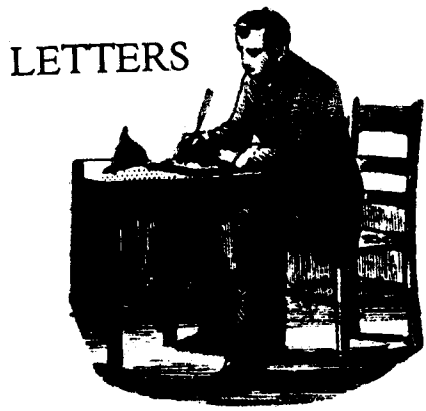
Before the 1960 campaign he doubted John F. Kennedy's qualifications for leadership and once impatiently referred to him as "that cub." Hardly had President Kennedy appointed him chief of the U. S. Information Agency, a job into which he threw himself with dedicated if exhausting enthusiasm, than Murrow embarrassingly and unsuccessfully tried to dissuade the BBC from running a stirring television documentary he and his brave producer, Fred Friendly, now president of CBS News, had done on the plight of the American migrant farm worker. Here he was being the hesitant government official, not the crusader who had railed against just such nervous bureaucracy.

Not even his best friends can say for sure what it was that drove him so, but I suspect that one impulsion was anger; anger with his own imperfections; anger with the foolhardiness of the lovely human race; anger with the executive direction of the trade he loved, broadcasting, for failing to exploit sufficiently the vast capacities of radio and television to raise the level of civilization a little by interrupting the hard sell and the soft sell long enough to give people a few more honest, realistic glimpses of their strengths and weaknesses.

With his courage to tackle the controversial and put himself in the line of fire of an ack-ack gun or a Joe McCarthy, Ed Murrow, in his quest for true things, raised his own monument by raising the standards of all journalism. He does not need a bronzed microphone or a marble tablet unveiled in his memory. But the timid and self-centered broadcasting industry to which he added his own stubborn and needed dignity could pay him no greater tribute than to translate its words of mourning for his loss into fuller and bolder performance on the standards for which he stood.



VIETNAM

Your lead article in May's IDLER on Vietnam contains the first suggestion of which I am aware, aside from those of the Government's partisans in the Great Duel of the Columnists, that the Administration should be granted a certain amount of flexibility within the broad strategic alternatives of continuing limited war, negotiation, UN involvement and withdrawal. It is gratifying to see at least one responsible journal of opinion acknowledge that day-to-day tactical decisions necessarily cannot be submitted to the learned editorialists and professors for prior approval. The President was not hired to read public opinion polls; he was hired to make the decisions that only the President in council can make. I am glad to see that you have recognized that fact.

Elsewhere, your article raised some bothersome points. You applaud what you term the "sudden appearance of a modicum of reason" in the Johns Hopkins speech. The bombing policy has been nothing if not reasonable. It was instituted as a last-ditch effort to keep the South Vietnamese government — such as it was — from degenerating into incoherence and chaos. In the weeks immediately prior to the commencement of the northern bombing operations, it was evident to all with eyes to see that the South Vietnamese will to fight was intimately tied to Vietnamese estimates of American resolution. Prior to the bombings, there

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was evidence that that resolution was wanting, the government changed hands several times, and the political prognosis was for a quick and painful death. The bombings apparently have changed that.

I do not agree that our handling of the responsibilities of power has been unsophisticated. When it is acknowledged that the bombings have had a two-fold purpose — that they are designed to embolden the South as well as to make it hot for the North — the sophistication of the technique becomes clearer. Even Mr. Walter Lippman has agreed that the bombings are, in his words, "political bombings," producing more noise than damage. Since the number of bridges in the North cannot be very large, and since the American air strikes are indeed large, I should not be surprised if a great many bombs have been dropped into open fields. In short, the bombings have been primarily a muscle-flexing exercise, to allow maneuvering and negotiating room without making the North contemptuous and the South panicky.

Whatever the merits of the Domino Theory, your observation that other Asian nations "haven't remained exactly upright" would indicate an acceptance of the proposition, rather than the rejection you doubtless intend. It cannot be doubted that Indonesia, Laos, and Cambodia are making their private arrangements with China precisely *because* they judge that we are weak and losing. Your comments would indicate that they are acting *in spite of* our strength; that seems a variance with the chronology of events in the area in the last two years of American reverses.

M. Aref
Ann Arbor, Mich

Gleanings

Only the poet can look beyond details at the total picture; only the poet can feel the courage beyond fear, only he can grasp the splinters and make a new wholeness that does not yet exist. It is his job to think in spans of ten thousand years; his job to feel the slow slow movement of the human spirit evolving; to see that the moment is close for all mankind to make another big leap forward; it is his job to scoop up the debris of our times and show us the giant outlines of the human spirit becoming more able to relate to the unknown and the unseen.

It is the poets' job to tell us. But are they doing it? What are they saying? I'm afraid they are saying almost nothing. They are, most of them, still talking the old nihilism of the 19th century; they are still moaning about the human condition, the tragic absurdity of man's plight, the hideous lack of cosmic purpose. I cannot think of one who is creating characters who might have qualities needed for this adventurous new age. Instead, they are giving us fragmented sketches of sick people; they hold before us in play and story a never-ending view of miserable, lost, lonely schizophrenics. Of course we should look with compassion and understanding at our sick and lost ones — young and old — but they should not be presented to us in drama and novel as though they are the whole of contemporary life, as though they are all we have to count on for the future.

Here is where poets turn to demagogues: by the use of the big lie they, too, become exploiters; they, too, are guilty of arousing fear and despair. Just as does the demagogue, they too, treat *hope* as the four-letter word you

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must never be caught using. They, like the demagogues, destroy by tearing up purpose, by calling the human condition an absurdity judging it by weeks and decades, failing to see far enough into the future to find anything worthy of effort on the part of the intelligent ones. And what effect does this have on the young? All we need do is look around us: at the beats and the smokers of pot and the kids in high school who are now drug addicts and the young homosexuals flaunting their deviations. They are the characters in the plays now come to life; they are now acting out in real homes and real streets the splintered fantasies the novelists wrote about. Our writers, our poets and dramatists have forgotten what every real artist knows: men imitate art, art does not imitate men.

—Lillian Smith

In an unprecedented move, MGM-TV's syndicated sales staff is offering every station executive its computerized Schedule Simulator analysis, indicating the right time in his market to broadcast *National Velvet* in order to obtain the best rating and desired audience composition for the series.

The Schedule Simulator utilizes computers containing huge memory banks of data, supplying information for more than a quarter-million computations per second. It weighs *National Velvet's* audience record and demographic appeal to determine the most suitable time periods.

Thus, on an exact mathematical basis, it absorbs and balances all of the multitudinous viewer categories and rating records of the program series for every feasible time period of any station in any market in the whole country.

—MGM-TV press release

I Have

Speak not lightly of these matters
For I have seen the faces carved by hunger
I have held in my hands the hands of those
Distorted by long gripping what little they had
and therefore were forever twisted to hold
only small things
I have seen with my eyes the eyes
Far back in the tunnels of hopelessness
I have seen the broad foreheads
And have heard the words of their hollow
Mouths come haltingly and slovenly
I have loved those who cannot love
Have grieved with those taught not to care
Those in whom hope is a bitter illusion
I have held in my arms the small stooped
And angular shoulders of children
I have taken to myself their
Stooped and crinkled thoughts
Have longed with them for an understanding
Of tenderness and only a little comfort

Erbin Crowell

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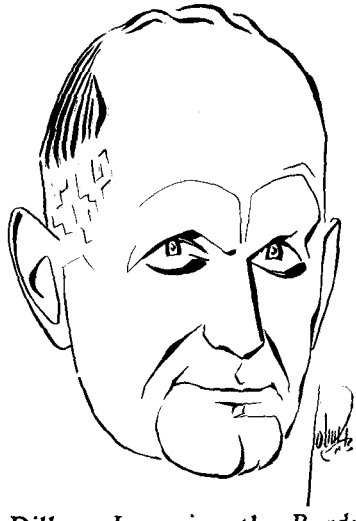
Most Beautiful

"As a little boy I learned a declamation that I had to say in grade school. It went something like this:

"'I have seen the glory of art and architecture. I have seen the sunrise of Mount Blanc. But the most beautiful vision that these eyes ever beheld was the flag of my country in a foreign land.'"

Lyndon B. Johnson



Dillon: Lessening the Burden

Tax reform . . .

The fact is that our tax system involves very little progression between the lowest brackets and those of taxpayers with up to about $15,000 of income. Furthermore, whatever progressivity thei ndividual income tax has at these levels is offset to a considerable extent by regressive taxes elsewhere in our tax system.

Clearly, we do not give adequate tax relief to those with very low incomes in progressively is at the start of the very first bracket, where we jump to 14 per cent.

Although it may be surprising to some, the fact is that, over time, the income tax bite increases more at low levels than it does at high levels. In 1955 the poorest one-fifth of American families had an average income tax rate of 2.9 per cent. By 1961 this had risen to 3.6 per cent. On the other hand, the 5 per cent with the highest incomes had an effective tax rate of 18.9 per cent in both years even though, in 1955, that 5 per cent included all families with incomes of over $13,000, and in 1961 it only included families with incomes of over $16,400. Clearly an income tax with fixed rates and exemptions tends to become less and less progressive with the passage of time.

These considerations bear directly upon our current intention to reduce excise taxes, which are particularly regressive. In the longer run, they require that we give serious thought to the structure of our tax system at the lower income levels. We made a beginning in this dirction in the Revenue Act of 1964 with the minimum standard deduction, a new method of lessening the tax burden of those who can least afford to carry it. But both interests of tax fairness, as well as the interest of tax fairness as well as poverty, call for further action.

—Douglas Dillon

HEADLINE OF THE MONTH

MORTON BACKS VIETNAM POLICY AT SOIL CONSERVATION MEETING

—Caroline, Md., *County Record*

Oh, so that's why we're there.

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Recent newspaper stories have reported that the Army's free gun and ammunition program is to be curbed. According to one story, the Army plans to tighten control over the program, which goes under the name of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice and the Office of Civilian Marksmanship, and is revising its system of giving or selling guns to civilians. Another story states that the entire subsidy—free ammunition, guns and other services — is being re-examined by the Defense Department.

Turning on our radio the other day, we found ourselves in the middle of the following interview:

Q. "What's your next step in the impeachment of Earl Warren?"

A. "Our big problem is apathy."

More than 400,000 persons belong to gun clubs receiving free guns and ammunition. How many of these are right-wing extremists, members of the Minutemen, or other self-styled paramilitary groups no one seems to know. Least of all does the Defense Department or the Army know because of the laxity and looseness with which this program is handled. But the leaders of the Minutemen and other extremists regularly advise their followers to form gun clubs, affiliate with the NRA, and get their supply of free guns and ammunition.

While stories and rumors of curbs, cutbacks and controls are being reported in the press, the gun and ammo give-away program is growing and expanding. Proof of this may be seen in the new budget. According to the budget, the dollar value of ammunition issued without charge in 1965 was $1,434,000. The estimated value of ammunition to be given away in fiscal year 1966 is $1,796,000.

How does one curb a free ammunition subsidy by giving away $362,000 worth of free ammunition more in 1966 than in 1965?

—*Rep. Henry Gonzalez*

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